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AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE

LINCOLN LODGE,

WISCASSET,

JUNE 24, A. L. 5831.

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By John H. Sheppard,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus;
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

THIRD EDITION.

BOSTON:

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1831.

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ADDRESS.

BRETHREN:

We are this day in the temple of the Most High, in memory of our institution. We have come into the sanctuary, freely and of our own accord, clothed with that badge, which has in all ages been deemed the emblem of innocence. We have come to celebrate the nativity of our patron St. John the Baptist, for we regard Masonry as a voice in the wilderness, and designed to prepare the heart and make the paths straight for the admission of truth.

But I appear before you on this occasion with no ordinary feelings. There is an alarm from the watch towers in Jerusalem. The perversion of truth, and the daily circulation of falsehood, against our ancient and charitable institution, look portentous. From all parts of the American horizon a tempest is gathering, cloud on cloud, thunder on thunder, and we are surrounded by flashes of angry lightning, as though the artillery of evil was unhoused, and pointed for the universal destruction of Masons and Masonry. The wind is already sweeping over innumerable objects dear to our memory; tombs are not spared; temples are not honoured; the monuments of a thousand ages are shaken, where rest the remains of Solomon, St. John, and our ancient Grand Masters; sainted piety and modern chivalry are driven along; and whatsoever things are honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, are cast out into the fields of desolation by the destroyer. Amidst this darkness of the mental atmosphere, this uproar of the moral elements, the voice of reason is silenced, the ear of reflection is closed. Suspicion is assumed as fact. Declamation passes for argument. Every instrument, every engine, which malice can invent or mischief direct, are put in requisition to bear down and crush a benevolent fraternity. Books full of caricatures are published, pretending to disclose horrid mysteries. Newspapers, whose columns burn with misrepresentation, are hurried

from mercenary presses and spread through the country, with all the fleetness of a mail in perpetual motion. Societies are organised, and associations are formed, from state conventions down to village cabals, the gathering of all kinds of moralists, the glory of all manner of debaters, until Antimasonry assumes as many shapes as the fabled Proteus, who, when caught, eluded the grasp in some intangible form. On one side you may see ambition leaping into the political saddle, and riding like Jehu the son of Nimshi, who drove furiously, with an alarm of fire, and a loud cry along the Atlantic shores to ring every bell in every church, for *Masonry has murdered Morgan.* On the other side you will see a Boaz, more hideous than the Boa Constrictor, laying in your path, or Almanacs creeping into your houses, adorned with vignettes of burlesque and buffoonery, and perhaps with a solemn exhortation at the end, from some good old gentleman, who, sixty years ago, was the member of a lodge, and is now with a trembling hand feeling after a mote in his brother's eye. If you smile, you murder while you smile: if you raise the gentle voice of innocence, you are fired at from little groups of Antimasons, or the Hon. Richard Rush, once robed in political glory and now suddenly transported by the spirit-stirring drum, steps up with his piece of ordnance and cracks the welkin with the report, *Masonry has murdered Morgan.* But, indeed, it is difficult to handle this epidemic with seriousness, if it were not, that the moral tendency is alarming. The spirit of our opponents has grown by what it fed on. It has fattened on human depravity. Our mildness has not quenched it, nor our indifference to calumny and ridicule softened its fury. The system is becoming more and more disordered. Attempts have been made and are now making and will continue to be made, till the disease reaches a crisis, to exclude Masons from every office of honor and trust, expel them from the witnesses' stand and jury box, and even excommunicate them from the table of the holy sacrament, that sweet refuge of a contrite and broken spirit. Yes, my brethren, several thousands of respectable, worthy men, some of distinguished rank and learning, and many of the purest piety, are to be driven from all the privileges of society and exiled from all hopes in their own native land, if this spirit of Antimasonry prevail. For be assured no honorable mind will ever sell our institution in the market of popu-

larity. Already have instances occurred of perjury in some few men, which in the day of recollection will startle them with horror. Ignorance has denied what it never understood; ambition has made conscience and oaths change color; and weakness volunteered confessions, before the altar of God, which must leave, by its own statement, perjury and falsehood to struggle for mastery among the remaining virtues. We leave the traitor to look at himself hereafter in the light of eternity: And the public may decide, whether the individual, who, under a pitiful sophistry about *extra-judicial* promises, denounces his own most solemn and voluntary vows, betrays the confidence of sacred friendship and vilifies the institution, he once eulogised with his tongue and pen, deserves any credit. No; let him stand in the pillory he has erected for himself. I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say.

While this storm is gathering with such rapidity and violence, an appeal is now going the rounds, portraying Masonry in deep and fiery colours, and calling upon all good men and upon all free presses, in the language of the instrument, *to keep up an eternal battery* against us. We are accused of promoting crimes, and then denounced without trial and without mercy. The countenance or commission of deeds without a name, is laid to our charge. Whensoever or wheresoever a lodge meets, there must be a meeting of murderers, conspirators and the bondsmen of unhallowed orgies. The Spanish Inquisition figures before the eye, as less dangerous and even of a lovelier character, with its dungeons, racks and terrors, than Free Masonry. The blood of Morgan, is required of every Mason, in every lodge and in every land. The whole family must suffer for one transgressor. Such is the political anathema, whose twenty thousand echoes are now heard in town and in country, in the cottage and in the palace, on the highway and in the market-place, wherever a newspaper is read, or a cross mail travels with its budget through the forest, or a post stands at the corner of a street to sustain a handbill. You well know, I allude to the letter of Mr. Rush, the magna carta of Antimasonry. His talents and elevated station are calculated to give force to this hot appeal to the passions of men. He has seized on Morgan and borne him through the air with an ominous scream. He leaves his reader no room for reflection. He listens to no

protest of innocence. In one sense he has mobbed Masonry with his pen, and then cries out to the public to listen to the accusing voice of an avenger of the laws. This address is laboured with some art, and embellished plentifully with the flowers of rhetoric. The colourings show the author was no stranger to the awful magician, who wrote the Mysteries of Udolpho, a tale in the regions of Calabrian banditti. Though a singular piece of reasoning, where premises are assumed, and then in the language of Dean Swift, conclusions drawn wider than the premises, yet it is calculated for effect. As a specimen of talent, this letter may raise Mr. Rush to a secondary class among literary men; or as a picture of his patriotism, this moral phenomenon may help him to another round on the ladder of preferment; for to say the least, Antimasonry and political manœuvre are often seen shaking hands of mutual congratulation. Time may soon develope what prompted this philippic of the ambitious statesman, the concentrated poison of the whole growth and vegetation of Antimasonry.

From whence comes this mighty, this astonishing excitement, which traitors, apostates and demagogues, ignorant men and deluded religionists are so busy in blowing into a blaze? What causes this amazing revolution in public opinion, such violent passions, such unnatural zeal, this heaping together of every thing vile and criminal, and pouring it upon the heads of a peaceful, harmless society? Is there not some secret spring, some hidden object in this untiring effort to arm the community against it? Have the leaders of Antimasonry no sign, nor token, nor watchword, well understood and forboding no good to morality or religion? Was not the Morgan mania in New York turned into a party purpose and aimed with vindictive violence against the greatest and noblest man that State ever knew, her departed De Witt Clinton? De Witt Clinton, a Mason, whose genius, like his own native Hudson, whether it narrowed between the lofty Highlands or widened into the Tappan sea, or rolled onward to the future metropolis of a new world, was always deep and always majestic? I appeal to the history of New York for ten years past. I fear we have too much reason to believe that the outcries and visages, denouncing Masonic witchcraft, conceal a design and a system, alarming because unsuspected by the credulous and generous part of

the public. This fever heat is got up from no pure motives. It is not without a meaning that formidable appeals are made and tremendous accusations alleged, as though the foundation of moral society and the very existence of our Republic rested on the event of tearing up this Upas tree by the roots, and burning trunk, branch and twig, lest it should again sprout from its ashes. We would entreat and persuade all sober and reflecting men, for their own sakes, to hear our defence, examine the character and conduct of the numerous members of the masonic family, revert to the tombs of our illustrious dead, and believe our most solemn asseverations, ere they join the hue and cry of suspicion and prejudice and run themselves down to infamy. Could my obscure voice be heard among the great and mighty of the land, had I the talent of a Clay or the eloquence of a Webster, who have made men pause, like the distant thunder at noonday, I would pour it forth along our sea-shore and mountains, our lakes and vallies, from the waters of St. Croix to the rocky regions which hang over the Pacific, and call on all men every where, to beware of the accuser of innocence and the speculator on falsehood. I would urge the importance of calm, deliberate reflection upon our principles and our professions, our ancient and honorable history, and the great and the good who have been of us, and with us; and when I aver to the world that we draw all our doctrines, both religious and political, from the Holy Bible, I would say to our bitterest enemy, go and drink likewise at that fountain and then answer, if the stream must not be pure which flows from this well of eternal life. I know, my brethren, that such is the excitement, not only in our great cities, but even in our villages and around our lodges, that it is thought the glory of Masonry is departed; that it is no longer prudent to appear in the badge even of innocence—that Grand Lodges will soon give up their charters and the fraternity extinguish the vestal fire and meet no more. It has been said too, we dare not meet again, such is the pressure of public opinion. But let each and all of us, as citizens whose birthright is freedom, and as Masons whose principle is universal philanthropy, ever retain that fearless spirit which can say,

> I dare do all that doth become a man;
> He, who does more, is none.

I shall endeavor to answer some of the objections brought against our order and meet the accusations of our opponents, that we are a dangerous and unholy association. To this intent I will touch on the character and design of Masonry.

Free Masonry is an ancient institution. Its origin is traced to a remote period of antiquity. Its history is lost in the obscurity of olden time; but from many rites, customs and ceremonies, not of modern invention, we have reason to conclude, it is the oldest society known. It may have been modified or altered in recent times, but the elements of the institution, tradition informs us, were familiar to the Hebrews, and handed down through successive fraternities in different parts of the world, to the present period. The researches of those learned in the art have led to this result, though the imagination of some of our orators has often travelled into the boundless fields of conjecture, among antediluvians, Egyptian priests and Grecian philosophers. Avoiding too wide a scope of fancy on the one hand, and looking to probabilities and facts on the other, we do find that Masonry is not a modern fabric, and that it first rose into shape and beauty in Jerusalem, where it was patronized by the wisest of men. The assertion of strangers, who have no idea of our system, and no key to our hieroglyphics, does not invalidate this opinion. Nor is our faith shaken, even from an explosion by learned professors in the schools of divinity, that they could find no evidence of our antiquity. Theological powder had better be spared for the enemies of religion. To judge fairly and fully of the age of a building, it may be necessary to enter it and examine its secret chambers, as well as to survey at a distance the external pillars and architecture. The Egyptians often engraved the symbols of history on the internal ornaments of their edifices; and the recent discoveries of Champollion, in the pictured walls of shattered temples, among the ruins of more than thirty centuries, may convince any one that Masonry is not the only subject which requires a better key than a Hebrew dictionary.

The object and design of our institution, I could inform our opponents, are no secrets. They are every where made known, and may be found in every page of our history—*The permanent union of good men for the promotion of their moral and eternal well-being.* This is our object and ever has been. In

its very foundation Masonry is a religious institution;(1) its corner-stone is the Holy Bible. This is the rock on which we build our house. From this book we derive all our principles, all our motives to action, all our hopes of all-coming time. We believe it to be an inspired volume. In every true lodge it is always open, and on it rest the square and compasses, and in every degree it is ever denominated by Masons "the Holy" Bible. Our principal rites, customs and ceremonies are found in this book and illustrated and exemplified by tradition. Therefore when I assert it as a fact, that we take the Bible to be the rule and guide of our faith, that it is the only foundation of Free Masonry and has ever been so considered by all true masons, and that it is the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, then let the accuser of his brethren beware and the stranger whom he has prejudiced, consider well, lest by contending against Masonry, they should be found fighting against the Word of God.

2. We are taught to believe in one only true God, whose name alone is Jehovah, and whom we venerate and adore as the object of supreme worship. We believe he does hear and can answer prayer, and that after death cometh the resurrection, when we must all appear before him, and render an account of the deeds done in the body. This is the first principle of Masonry and is ever recognized in every true Lodge. On this account many devout men have been delighted with our institution and have found Masonry congenial with the spirit of experirimental religion. We allow each and all to worship our Heavenly Father according to the dictates of his own conscience, and have no religious sect among Masons. The more informed and the higher the attainments of our brethren, the more does the true light shine into their minds. Nor can an Atheist be a Mason. Nor could a Lodge of Atheists exist. You might as well call Judas Iscariot a Christian. If a party of beings, who were Atheists, were collected together even with ceremonies like ours, they would form a perfect assembly of Antimasons, or, if you please, of Illuminati. A seceder, if his confession be true, never could have been a Mason.

3. The nature of our institution is decidedly and totally republican. Its government is purely elective. The qualification for office is merit, the duration of office is limited. We

choose our Rulers by ballot, and all have a voice in the election. Our Rulers have no power but what we gave them. If they err, we throw the mantle of charity over them—if they do well, we love and respect them. We have a written constitution, and written laws and keep a record of our proceedings, all which any judicial tribunal may command into court for inspection. These documents show the object and design of our institution. Masonry therefore never has and never can exist under a despotic government. Its features would make tyrants tremble on their throne. It breathes too pure an air for the corruption of a Court, and if it cannot dwell where there is freedom, it retires into the wilderness. Before its commanding influence an inquisition would hide itself forever in its own sable caverns. The autocrat of all the Russias knows this and hates Masonry, forbidding it in his dominions; nor will the bloody crown of Spain endure its firm and fearless march in that unhappy empire. Despots ever hated Masonry, for it upholds and promotes free and just principles and only draws a sword to point it at the heart of the oppressor. Such was the character of this institution in the days of chivalry. Such was its glory, when Knights and Cavaliers made a valiant, but vain effort to redeem Europe from the hand of violence, while it guarded the holy sepulchre with a veneration, of which we, in this cold age of dollars and cents, can have no idea. In fact Masonry is a friend to order and a promoter of freedom; and every Lodge, Chapter, and Encampment, in government and principles, is a miniature Republic.

4. The design of our institution is charitable. To help, aid, and assist our unfortunate brethren, and do good to all men, we hold to be our bounden duty. We know and feel that we live in a world of vicissitude and suffering. Few are rich, many are poor. There is no rank nor station exempt from the reverses of fortune or the touch of adversity. In seasons of public calamity or private distress, good men are often left in the extremity of want, and need the benevolent heart and beneficent hand of Charity. Death not unfrequently comes into the habitation of industry, with sudden, silent step, and the head of a family from whom the affectionate wife and little offspring drew their nourishment, is removed into darkness. The widow and the orphan are then the objects of our solicitude, and while we bedew a

brother's grave with tears, we are reminded of the active duty of removing the heavy hand of want from the mourner. On these occasions no trumpet is blown. A mason's charity is silently bestowed and the good deeds he has done are seldom known to the public, because we ought not, says our divine teacher, to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth. Had Mr. Rush consulted the history of Washington, the friend of his noble father, his ignorance of the object and design of our institution would have been relieved. When that great man in the revolution took the jewels and regalia of a British Lodge among the spoils of war, he returned them to the owners, with this memorable answer: "Americans war not with charitable institutions." May our worst foe never know the anguish the exiled mason has felt, poor and pennyless, in a foreign land, when there was neither friend nor brother to behold him, as he lifted up his eyes to Heaven in despair!

5. We are taught by our principles to subdue our passions and improve ourselves in useful knowledge. The various degrees, lessons and lectures of Masonry, all have a tendency to fertilize the mind and enlarge the boundaries of thought. To promote kindness of deportment, purity of life and conversation, and a cultivation of whatsoever can make man better is an important object. A true lodge is a lyceum, where manhood may gather wisdom. It is no mean school of eloquence, where the tongue of good sense and the ear of patience, are more often found united than in some of our more august assemblies. I have never heard language used with more purity and expression, than I have heard it in a lodge, nor listened to any discussion superior to some of our lectures, where the virtues of life, the memory of past ages, the love of excellence and the graphic allusions to the holy city, its walls and towers and temple, together with the customs and manners of the oriental region of the vine and figtree, have attracted the attention and caused a sweet forgetfulness of daily cares.

We are continually reminded when Masons meet, of other points of time and other spots of earth; and we can meditate on the good of other days, on holy men of old, patriarchs and prophets and things heavenly, all which are refreshing to the thoughts amidst the every day sameness of common life. How often too is there a deep and anxious interest experienced by

the well informed Mason, in reading that holy book, where the tabernacle and temple and levitical ceremonies are described; subjects which other men often read with indifference, or pass by as they do the bells and pomegranates on the High Priest's robe, which the ignorant suppose were without meaning. Surely a Mason sees something in his Bible, which even a Hebrew scholar might observe and could never explain. Is this thought a visionary notion:—if so I will say with Cicero, I had rather err with Plato than be right with other philosophers. Errare mehercule cum Platone quam cum istis sentire.

6. Another object of our institution is to support the constitution and maintain the laws of our country. No true Mason can violate either. He must be a loyal subject, or he breaks his allegiance, and becomes an Antimason. Of course he can no more violate his oath as a witness, or a juror, than depart from his duty as a Mason. We have no secrets which in any way authorise an evasion of the laws of the land. When a Mason breaks the laws, he infringes his Masonic tie. Can it be supposed then, that an institution founded on the Bible, and ever recognising the all-seeing eye of God as upon us, would authorise or countenance our taking an oath in a court of justice, with a reservation to falsify or evade it on any occasion? The idea is a slander on good sense. Indeed! Are Masons a brotherhood of solemn villains, who, like the Spartan Lysander, think "that children may be cheated with cockles and men with oaths." If the world can make a new jest book out of the materials which have been stolen out of our wardrobe, in the name of justice and honor between man and man, let them leave us at least the character of sincerity. Let them not poison a stream of benevolence, which in many a war and many a dark day of the earth, has refreshed the weary traveller.

Finally, our object and design are to cherish every good and reject every bad principle, pursuing industry, temperance and usefulness, in whatever station Providence has placed us, and endeavouring to fulfil every relation of life faithfully. Mortality is with us a subject of frequent contemplation: and some of our emblems bear much solemn admonition: But the horizon of this earth bounds not our view. In yonder heavens, we behold innumerable points of light and glory, small to the eye, but beyond all doubt immense luminaries, peopled with rational forms,

and adorned with dwellings; we know this planet is not our home; we believe we shall live again. Where and when, in what place and in what condition, we as Masons pretend not to say, but the soul will live forever; and when the silver chord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken, the spirit will ascend to God who gave it. Hope then will be lost in fruition, faith in sight, and charity enter those Heavenly Mansions, where He dwells, "who hath called us to glory and virtue."

Such is an imperfect outline of the object and design of our institution, denounced as a *secret* society because we have some secrets, which respect the purity and preservation of our traditionary rites and membership. Such are the principles of our order, and let any candid inquirer judge if they do not emanate from a moral sense, love of freedom and concern for the things which belong to eternity, and then say if, in the language of disordered imagination, it would be for the glory of America "to be the first to dispel the solemn folly and break the tyrannical chains of Masonry." We protest against such misrepresentation. We are ready to demonstrate that this is the design of our order. We deny that we acknowledge, allow or justify any oaths, secrets, or reservations, offensive to morality, opposed to the laws of our country or calculated to disturb the harmony of society. The object of our institution is no secret except to the blind eye and deaf ear of prejudice and suspicion. Masonry is purely a religious and charitable institution, claiming great antiquity, adorned with emblems and allusions of impressive beauty, and living in thoughts fixed in the mind, whereby we are taught to believe in realities beyond the regions of mere sense and matter. We retain to ourselves the right of knowing our brethren and avoiding impostors. We deny most explicitly, that any masonic institution, lodge, chapter, encampment, or ineffable degree, has any right to take life or limb, for any violation of Masonic regulations or secrets. We never gave such a right. We never claimed such a right. We know of no penalty nor punishment for an apostate or renegado, but the gentle and noiseless ballot of expulsion from our fraternity. We leave to God alone to punish perjury and be the avenger of violated vows. I make this assertion plainly, decidedly and fearlessly, before the world. The ghost of Morgan may be summoned up by the declaimer and the unprincipled apostate, the timid

seceder, the demagogue busy to build up a new party, and the poor ignorant fanatic, may all come forward and assert to the contrary: but I appeal for the truth of what I assert, to the brother, companion, Knight Templar, to the highest Mason of the highest degree. I appeal to the vast number of distinguished men, now on the stage of action in Europe and America, separated as they are by birth-place, politics and religion: I appeal to hundreds of thousands of worthy respectable men, scattered on land and ocean in all parts of the earth; all members of the great faternity, and if present, they would all say I have stated the truth. All who know what Masonry is and have studied its complicated system of symbols and lectures, will unite in my testimony. I have been a mason several years, and have gone, degree by degree, to as great a height, perhaps, as any in this rising State, and have investigated the science of masonry with some interest; and I aver solemnly, that I know of no masonic principle which violates any moral law or justifies shielding the guilty from the hand of justice, or recognizes taking life, limb or liberty, for any offence against our regulations, however flagrant. I know that Masons are the children of frailty and error—that ceremonies and instructions often become lukewarm or cold by familiarity, and that we have often needed a purification, and reviving of the spirit of ancient Craft-Masonry. But let not the man of glass stone us because we have not done our duty. That our institution is one of a benevolent and noble character I will quote an extract from the writings of one of the departed Luminaries of our Country.

The following extract is from the answer of John Adams, President of the United States, to an address of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, 1798, respecting certain aspersions cast on Masonry.

"Many of my best friends have been Masons, and two of them my professional patrons; the learned Gridley and my intimate friend, your immortal Warren, whose life and death were lessons and examples of patriotism and philanthropy, were Grand Masters; yet, so it has happened, that I had never the felicity to be initiated. Such examples as these, and a greater still in my venerable predecessor, (Washington) would have been sufficient to induce me to hold the institution and fraternity in esteem and honour, *as favourable to the support of civil authority*, if I

had not known *their love of the fine arts, their delight in hospitality, and devotion to humanity.*"

Again, hear the Father of his Country, Washington himself, on the character of our fraternity.

Extract from the reply of General Washington to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, 1792.

"Flattering as it may be to the human mind, and truly honourable as it is, to receive from our fellow-citizens, testimonies of approbation for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is no less pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society, *whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice.*"

With such a weight of testimony in our favor, why should a nation, great and powerful, in a tide of prosperity unparalleled in the records of time, be called upon, in a most spirit-stirring, belligerent appeal, to break down a benevolent society and consecrate its day of destruction, as another 4th of July, for future celebrity? An appeal too, made by one, who would betray us with a kiss. I also, says he, *was a Mason,* thereby inducing the community to believe he knows the impenetrable secret of our conspiracy. He was a Mason. His debut and his exit were the same evening, and without leaving an interval of time, to reflect why he entered the threshold of the temple, he voluntarily and blindly abandoned the brotherhood forever. I am convinced, if he had persevered until the archives of our history were spread before him, and the veiled chambers opened to his view, he would have believed, that our institution in its design and whole apparatus, is an ancient and majestic structure created by wisdom, founded on strength, and embellished by beauty of no common order. His eloquence would then have been reserved for a nobler occasion, than inflaming an already excited public by a species of reasoning and imagination, which, if applied, would equally lead to the overthrow of the Holy Religion of the Gospel. I repeat it, if the perversion of any principle and the corruption of any system of religion or ethics, are evidence of the true tendency of that principle, or system, where will the Christian Religion appear, weighed in this balance? Have not falsehood and crime and selfishness and all manner of evil, at different periods of the Church, under the very garb of holiness itself almost desolated society? While Mo-

ses was on the Mount of God, was not Aaron the High Priest in the valley worshipping the Golden Calf? The history of Religion is darkened with awful pictures. Look to the several periods of persecution, in the ages of fire and faggot—the burning of papists and protestants in England, as either party ruled—the persecution of protestants by catholics, puritans by protestants, and quakers by puritans—one sect pursuing another, doctrine warring against doctrine, in fields of controversy, not with inky armour, but with the weapons of blood, where all hailed under the same banner of the Cross. Behold the massacre of the Huguenots, ever to be remembered with horror, when on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, the bells began to toll, torches glared and daggers gleamed, and 60,000 persons were butchered in cold blood, by fiends in France, calling themselves Christians! For all this fanaticism, would you raise the war-whoop against the beloved ones of the meek and lowly Jesus? No! The pure and heavenly principles of the gospel survive, and stand unshaken by these horrible events. Let an ardent imagination, with a zeal beyond knowledge, take any one of the bloody persecutions of fanaticism, and paint the awful consequences—the field of carnage—the midnight murder—the funeral fire—the chain—the dungeon and the yell of despair, and then draw a universal affirmative conclusion, that the gospel of Christ promotes murder, conspires against government and deserves to be put down with abhorrence. Would not such logic resemble some of the acute reasoning of the Pennsylvanian Apollo, and all his echoes against Masonry? The true question before the public is not the atrocity of the abduction and murder of Morgan, if indeed he were murdered, but whether the principles of our institution authorise or countenance such a crime, shielding transgressors of the law, and holding in its bosom a secret, even murder cannot violate. We deny most peremptorily, that we hold or cherish any such principles. No true Mason in the United States ever did justify this offence. It cannot be. Look at the vote of the Grand Chapter of the State of New York, at their communication in 1827, disclaiming all knowledge or approbation of any such principles. De Witt Clinton, then at the head of Masonry in the United States, was unremitting in his efforts to detect and punish the perpetrators of the deed; men, who professed to be, but were not of us—who abused all that was sa-

cred, and were practically Antimasons. Shall a drunken scrape, terminating in abduction, incarceration or murder, because Masons were there, be laid to the charge of an institution, whose very object and design are to make men sober, peaceable and obedient to the laws? Shall horrid allusions be made to the Inquisition, and odious comparisons drawn, implicating an immense number of honest, virtuous citizens in the United States, because an enthusiast in his closet dreams of conspiracy, and rushing into the street, sees murder, treason, and conflagration in every Mason's eye? May Heaven defend us from such sophistry. By the fruit the tree is known. Look to our most exalted stations, judicial tribunals, legislatures, private occupations of trust and public offices of responsibility, in every part of the U. States, and behold what a number of the members of this institution are exposed to public view, and yet possess the highest confidence of the community: How many correct and exemplary citizens are numbered on our rolls. How frequently will you see a Mason exemplifying our principles in all the loveliness and charities of domestic life, sitting at the table of hospitality, with his beloved and his little ones around him. How often may you trace a Mason on the holy day of rest going up to the house of our Heavenly father, sorrowing at the solemn supper, taking a deep interest in the benevolent associations of the age, or if you could look behind the casement of his closet, on his knees praying for the redemption of ruined man. Oh ye wives, and daughters, and sisters of Masons, and you, ye fair ones who have wreathed your flowers and festoons around these pillars, say if these things are not so: say if Masonry has ever yet cast a veil over the face which smiled with love to you: say if Masonry does not stand with a flaming sword to guard the Paradise of domestic affection! Can men like these belong to a secret society, whose object is dangerous to the well being of the community, and whose design is a dark machination against government and laws? You might as well expect to find the blush of virtue on the brazen cheek of a Fanny Wright.

But it is retorted upon us, that recent disclosures have discovered the danger of Masonry in the United States. I reply, I have seen no such disclosures. I know not what evidence some men have manufactured. None has been offered to the public; unless some aspiring statesman should stoop so low

from the height of his ambition, as to pounce upon some caricature of all decency, and call that a piece of testimony. Or can men be believed, who by their own confession, are guilty either of perjury or falsehood; and if they speak the truth, must be in immediate and inevitable danger of assassination, and yet, look you, they go unarmed and laughing in the midst of Masons! Shall reports be taken as evidence, and rumors as facts, until the canvass, pictured with a hundred Masons at Lockport, leagued against law, and arrayed against the majesty of a mighty population, presents a view of power, of an unearthly kind? at the same time while this band of conspirators can find no countenance nor protection from the great fraternity to which they claim to belong? Sooner would I believe that a century had rolled back over our heads and the age of witchcraft was come again, than believe such representations, even if sworn to by an *extrajudicial* oath, or admit for a moment that Masonry, whose very nature is to make men better, can make them worse, and hide murder or perjury in her bosom. It is impossible. The laws of New York may have been broken, and her Courts of Justice been perplexed in bringing villains to condign punishment, amidst so much prejudice, excitement and misrepresentation, as undoubtedly appeared in the Lockport trials. But Masonry stands in mourning over the corruption of man. In her left hand is the roll of other times, inscribed with the virtues of the good, and filled with portraits of the benefactors of our race; her right hand points to a distant land, where once stood a Temple, wherein dwelt the Lord of Hosts; when she lifts her veil, it is to look to Heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness; and when she speaks, her first and last voice is, Peace on earth and good will to man. Such is the genius of our institution, which Mr. Rush has portrayed in the attitude of a muffled conspirator.

Prejudice still pursues our institution and condemns it from its foundation, because, say our adversaries, "you are a secret society" and therefore must be dangerous. This blow is thought by them irresistible. But is this the world where all secrets are laid open to view? Is the veil to be rent asunder and the sanctum sanctorum of human friendships and domestic endearments to be undoored to noon-day observation? Shall every vagrant stop and look into the windows of the family circle and insist that every secret there shall be told on the house-top? Shall

the grand jury room, the council chamber of State, the doors of Senates and of Cabinets, be burst open and exposed to the gaze of every eye? The idea will not bear examination. Must there be no secret between man and man? Not even the secret how to make Antimasons a very convenient piece of machinery in elections? If a secret may exist between two, it may between three or more, and to what number of united hearts shall the law limit the right of communicating and retaining a secret? Will you have a test act passed, by which every man, woman, and child, shall be bound to allegiance in this form—"You swear you will keep no secret, and if you know of any with regard to your neighbor, however poor and friendless he may be, you promise to go from house to house and tell it with all its circumstances." Antimasonry needs not this oath. Surely associations may have their secrets, as well as individuals, known only to the chosen few, and by which they know and value each other. Our secrets are harmless and form our principal means of knowing and preserving qualifications of membership in a fraternity, composed of brethren of different politics, religious opinions, languages, and countries; for there is an universality in the circle of our embrace. We claim all good men in our affections. We admit any good man who properly applies, without regard to fortune, politics or sect of religion, and then he will find our secrets, seen by the light, are harmless and innocent. We deem them necessary, and so have the wise in all ages. Our society however is not a *secret* society. It is a public association, its members are all known, their characters are before the world, their records may be seen—their meetings are held at regular periods, and each individual is under the eye of the law, and can be found as quick as any other citizen. Our enemies have given us a name of their own formation, and then, like children travelling a solitary road in the dark, become alarmed at bugbears their fancy has created, and terrify the poor women with the tale of horror!

But crime and suspicion are not the only weapons of attack on our order. Ridicule steps forward, and with the aid of ignorant seceders, and fanatical apostates, and all the ammunition of vulgar wit, burlesques our emblems, and represents our forms and titles(2) as only a grave mummery, offensive to men of sense, and yet retained as instruments of power. Caricatures are ex-

hibited with singular humour, by Antimasons, pedlars and speculators, until ridicule sits on the judgment seat, and laughter becomes an epidemic. Is ridicule, however, the test of truth? This is a common adage—But if so, the truth must always be ridiculous. Are caricatures evidence of facts? Though, my brethren, we may personally differ in politics and have each our favorite candidates at the polls, yet is there a candid man in this assembly, who could seriously and coolly decide, that the distinguished individual who is now President of the United States, and his recent Cabinet, are truly represented in a late picture of rats with men's faces? If so, a skilful buffoon would be the best historian of our Country. Masonic emblems were not adopted without reflection—they are beautiful illustrations of moral truths, instituted before printing was known, and well suited to impress the memory. They were calculated to perpetuate tradition, and are of oriental descent. Forms and ceremonies are necessary for the preservation of order: and in all good society and in all assemblies of men for important transactions they are indispensible. Lord Coke, in his Commentaries, remarks, that "prudent antiquity did for more solemnity and better memory and observation of that which is to be done, express substances under ceremonies." "It is but one step, (said Napoleon,) from the sublime to the ridiculous." Indeed, what serious truth, what solemn subject, what holy ordinance may not be converted into merriment by the drollery of a wag? How often have a few crumbs of bread, and a few drops of wine, been made the subjects of scorn and laughter, by the infidel, down from Voltaire to Fanny Wright. Yet these are used as the emblems of a most solemn ceremony, and as memorials of an event, nearly two thousand years ago, at the sight of which the sun withdrew his light, and there was darkness over the land as the vast crowd stood round the hill of Calvary, and beheld our Saviour on the Cross in great agony.

Among the rumours in circulation it is said lodges are the banqueting halls of dissipation and extravagance, and through *a hole in the wall,* have been seen the chambers of imagery, on the sides of which were portrayed abominable things. As to the first, Lodges were the earliest movers in the cause of temperance. They set the example of discarding ardent spirits, and made the abuse of them the subject of expulsion, long before a

movement was made for suppressing intemperance in any organised form. If lodges were formerly less strict in the hours of refreshment, let the informers reflect, that the time once was, within their day, when a tented field of rum was round the sanctuary, and New England was not scarce on the groaning table of an *Ordination*. As to our chambers of imagery—they are no where but in the mind, in the apartments of which memory has portrayed the image of eminent masons, the panorama of the holy land—and the lineaments of the temple of King Solomon on Zion's hill. These we often contemplate. To Jerusalem we often turn our eyes and feel that it is good to remember the holy men of old, and meditate on the house of God which was in Jerusalem. Such is the imagery of our inner chambers. Some of the happiest hours I have ever spent were in an assembly of brethren united by the chain of friendship, with pictures such as I have named passing before the mind's eye during our ceremonies and lectures. Such ideas may be called romantic by colder hearts; and so may the love of walking forth in this musical season of the year, and beholding with exquisite delight and gratitude the green landscape, woods and waters, all living and picturesque with beauty. Our happiness in some degree depends on imagery, on paintings, drawn on the mind, which like a mirror can reflect all the scenery of nature, but unlike a mirror, can retain that scenery, whenever it looks within. I would not give up resources like these of inward contemplation for all the glory the greatest Antimason in America would get when sitting on the ruins of our whole institution. Who could stand on the lofty top of the Mount of Olives, and behold without sensibility the scenery around him; near him a few trees of great age in whose shade our Lord once walked; beyond him a desolate city, with its mosques and minarets, broken walls and decayed houses, the ruins of Jerusalem; surrounding him an amphitheatre of bleak and barren hills; and far in the distance as he turns to the East, the dark and sluggish waters of the Dead Sea, over which hang the Arabian mountains, without tree or plant, a battlement of rocks, unpeopled and untrod, except by the wandering Arab; while the whole prospect in one more direction terminates with the hamlets of Jericho and the mournful Jordan. Brethren, I have stepped aside for a moment, from the painful subject of this address; but

it may serve to make our enemies reflect, that when idle, we meditate on lovelier pictures than the distortions of wanton wit, or the hatchings of conspiracy.

It is asked by some of our opponents, what good Masonry has ever done? I answer much every way. The principles and design of the institution already described, in some measure answer this inquiry. In the dark ages it was the light-house of the world; it has promoted civilization, mitigated the horrors of war, curbed the licentiousness of peace, taught man to feel for his fellow man, spread the table of hospitality, visited the mourner in the hour of affliction, poured oil into the wounds of the traveller, and raised the standard of moral and intellectual improvement. In England it has softened the aristocracy of blood; in this country it has curbed the aristocracy of wealth. Look to some large cities, where families of fortune and fashion group together and exclude all from their acquaintance, except individuals of opulence, skilled in the forms and etiquette of an artificial life, where intercourse is without friendship, and formality without affection; where an entrance into the magic circle without a golden pass, is more difficult, than an admission into the temple of Mecca, in which no christian foot ever trod. This is the aristocracy of wealth, and we have some such in America. Ye haughty sons of an inheritance your fathers gathered in humility and self-denial, say if this be not so? Now Masonry teaches us to regard no man for his wealth or honor, but to look to internal qualifications, by which we learn we are bound to our fellow creatures by ties of sympathy, not by golden chains. The union of good men and true is necessary for mutual aid and defence in a world of trouble. Should all the virtuous men on earth be confederated in one great body, and unite heart, head and hand, against evil, there is still a mighty spirit, whether a being of fallen glory, or the inward mover of depravity, too great and too powerful for the emancipation of our race from misery. Virtue would still be a sufferer; but Masonry can ameliorate our lot. Should a day ever arrive, which Heaven forbid, when calamity and distress shall cast a cloud over the lovely regions of this swelling empire, when the hope of the husbandman shall fail, and the voice of the mariner cease on our coast, when our merchants shall walk the exchange in despair, and our villagers gather round each messenger of ill,

then would the effect be felt of a widely spread benevolent society. Should another war invade our shores, and the tide of success and the shout of victory be with our enemies, and fortune turn away her face from our cohorts of cavalry and legions of infantry, our gallant soldiers and our intrepid seamen, then would this society, which linked the warriors of the revolution into a Theban band, again cling to the palladium of our freedom. Let not the pride of prosperity and an untimely suspicion drive away Masonry, in a dream of visionary reform. She has done much for country. She has nerved many a patriot's arm and warmed many a warrior's breast in those days which tried men's souls. She has stood like a Prætorian guard, which was the last hope of the Roman Senate, in times of danger. But if for a long course of years peace should continue to smile on the millions and millions of our increasing population, remember there are other dangers more formidable than war or even famine. Political parties may rise in hostile attitude and rend the empire; newspaper calumnies may then make way for recorded combat; discord may scatter its firebrands into every city, village and family, until brother against brother, kindred against kindred, clan against clan, move in battle array. Then would Masonry, which knows no party, and pens no political creed but the love of country, hold out the olive branch and gather into her assemblies, men of both sides, who could there meet on neutral ground, and call them once more to restore health and peace to a bleeding country. Again; the history of our holy religion stands darkened with the former feuds of contending sects and the wars of fanaticism. A day might come in this happy land, where every man can now worship according to his own conscience, when the community would be divided into two great religious parties, each bitter and each exclusive in deed and doctrine, when the fires of martyrdom would again be kindled and the principalities and powers of darkness again take rule; then would that institution, which affords the only place on earth where religious partizans can meet in amity, and which knows no sect and binds no man with burdens heavier than can be borne, gather into her bosom good men and true and send them forth as missionaries of peace, persuading controversy to put up its sword. I hope all these cases will ever be imaginary, but they illustrate the nature and intention of a

society which ought to be cherished by every lover of religious and political freedom.

Do I again hear the triumphant voice of extermination cry out, that Masonry is anti-republican, a secret society, like the canker worm at the root of the fruit tree, eating out the heart of our chartered liberty? Let me appeal to facts. Let us go back and travel up the history of our independence. Who were the most energetic, vigorous, intrepid actors in the drama of the revolution? Who was the master builder of this noble and majestic temple of freedom, which is continually rising in height and spreading on its base, until its pinnacle is lost in Heaven and its foundation is washed by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? Members of our fraternity. Who drew the declaration of independence? A Mason. Who drew down the lightning from Heaven and made it play harmlessly round his hand? A Mason—the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Let Antimasonry, if it think at all, think on these things; and then go with all its kindred spirits, the intriguer after office, the leveller of all rank and subordination, the hater of Masonry, because there are Masons whom he hates, the speculator of pictured almanacs, the solemn priest who goes about the country with Jachin and Boaz in one pocket and a sermon in the other, attacking heaven and earth alternately, and the deluded seceder and vile apostate, and all the followers of Fanny Wright,(3)—let them form a grand convention of the whole, and then march to the grave of Warren, the tomb of Franklin, the sepulchres of Washington and Jefferson and there muse over the relics of illustrious Masons: Let them visit the cradle of our independence and see if Bostonian Masons were not among the first to rock it. Let them look to the mountains of Virginia, and listen to the voice of our brother Patrick Henry, louder and yet louder, till lost in the warcry of freedom or death, which he had awakened. Let them ascend the heights of Bunker Hill, or travel over the battle grounds of Saratoga and Yorktown, and see the blood of Masons flowing without measure, for the very liberty Antimasons now have to rail against Masonry. Let them trace all our history in Congress, and in combat, in the cabinet and in the court, and then say, if the memory of departed heroes can touch the heart of selfishness, if Masonry is not Republican. Nor will I stop here. Facts accumulate with

overwhelming power. Trace the prosperity of our country to this very moment, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, five Masonic Presidents and John Adams the friend of Masons—Patrick Henry, Franklin, Clinton, Marshall, Clay, Masonic statesmen—another war and another glorious termination; yet on sea and land Masons among our noblest defenders: New Orleans, attacked by a mighty enemy, commanded by a General who acquired his military fame by the side of the Victor of Waterloo, and yet this metropolis of the valley of the Mississippi, saved, gloriously saved by a Mason, now at the head of this splendid Republic.(4) Reflect upon these facts, for I have given but a plain tale of reality, and then say, ye false accusers, if Masonry is not Republican, in its flesh and blood, in its bone and marrow. Yes, my brethren, Masonry in principle is Republican, altogether Republican, and nothing but Republican!

Worshipful Master and Brethren of Lincoln Lodge: I have presented you with a sketch of the war of Antimasonry now raging like an epidemic in the United States. I have exhibited the object and design of our charitable institution; and I have shown the various points which are assailed by our enemies, calling to remembrance the glory which has been ours, and which no sacrilegious hand can ever tear from the archives of Masonry. The last splendid object we saw in our prosperity, was the form of the illustrious Lafayette, bending with age, and shedding tears at the affection of veterans, patriots and citizens, as the assembled chivalry of New England gathered round him, in the circle of the fraternity. Then there was no seceder, forgetting in whom we put our trust, with silent indifference: then, there were no renouncers lured from love and allegiance, by the enchanter of this world: then, there were no denouncers, clothed in the habiliments of the altar or apparalled in the robe of the law, who had violated their vow and broken asunder the chain of friendship. That day of jubilee witnessed the gathering of many thousands of brethren among the vast assembly which hung round the declivities of Bunker Hill, as the Grand Master laid the first stone of that Monument, which Lafayette pronounced both true and trusty, and Webster hailed as a memorial for future ages.(5) That

day has gone. In six short years, our hopes are clouded, and Masonry has received a wound in the house of her friends. A persecution has commenced, unknown in all past time, for traitors have been with us and gone from us, and are busy in the crowd of the credulous. We are every where misrepresented. Curiosity has even entered the schools of theology and the libraries of erudition, to find some trace of our genealogy in the alcoves of antiquity, and the response of the Delphian oracle is, we are of yesterday and know nothing. I cannot foresee the end of this persecution. It may terminate with the next Presidential election. It *may* last for years. It *may be fatal* and scatter the members of the fraternity before the four winds of Heaven. Our foes are increasing upon us in every part of the Union, and singular means are resorted to for success, until legislative aid, judicial power, and that grand lever of popular movement, Federal and State conventions, have all been invoked to break down a fraternity, whose constant language is, peace on earth and good will to men. We will not deny we have been made to suffer. Lodges have been less frequented; the work is suspended; the fortitude of some has failed, and the love of many waxed cold. If there ever were a time, for a Mason to show his principle, it is now; if there ever were a day for noble, unbending virtue, conscious of innocence, and fearless of the reproach of man, to cast itself on God and our country, it is now! It may be the will of an unsearchable Providence, that Masonry, which has stood for centuries, and been the protector of knowledge and religion, ere the village church and the village school-house rose in the path of civilization, must fall a sacrifice. But it falls not alone. The ruin stops not here. Our seminaries of learning and our altars of devotion will be the next object of vengeance; and the same spirit which hates the institutions our fathers cherished, in its dream of sublunary perfection, will soon find the Republic needs reformation, and it will be reformed into despotism and anarchy. This subject is more serious than common observers may imagine. When you cannot reason with men, all hope of communicating truth is over; and when too late it may be found that Antimasonry contains in its very germe and essence a worse faction, than zeal for the perfectibility of man ever formed; for it seeks men and not measures; private ends and not the public good; and

the destruction of character and not the love of righteousness. Would that some abler voice than mine could persuade our fellow citizens, wherever the disease has spread, to hear us before they strike; to examine the principles of our fraternity, not by a personal crime, not by a local event, not by a tragic story, not by a political bulletin, but by the Holy Bible, square and compasses, those three great lights of Masonry, which if once put out, ah what Promethean fire can again relumine!

Brethren we live in an extraordinary period of time. The advance of discovery and the march of genius are amazing. It is an age of societies, and there are those, which are felt on the Ganges, on the borders of China, in the isles of the Pacific, at the Arctic regions, and even on the shores of unhappy Africa. The bible is multiplying and spreading in all languages, with an irresistible power, which announces a moral revolution in the earth. And yet it is a day of deep sensibility in the public mind. Newspapers increase in geometrical progression, travelling with a rapidity which almost unites space and time. This produces a quickness of feeling and a state of excitibility, unheard of in ages when men only knew their next door neighbor. On this account there is danger of false impressions and an undue operation on public opinion; for the dignity and meditation of truth make her a slow traveller; error flies on the wings of the wind. Thus an excitement is quickly got up. An unusual and sudden movement is started, and a nation may organize itself into conventions, and from imaginary alarm, or the onward pressure of a mass of heated mind, another crusade may appear, and the whole community be thrown into disorder. May the good sense of the people avert such a calamity, by a timely check of the present epidemic.

Brethren, we are now placed in a delicate and interesting situation. It is a day of trial, and great prudence and circumspection are necessary. If Masons enter the field of combat or controversy with their opponents, they immediately wander from the tenets of their profession, and become practically Antimasons, whose weapons we are not accustomed to use, for there are none such in the armory of a lodge. In a contest too, we have nothing to gain, and the greater part of our enemies have nothing to lose, neither principle nor character. Should

we march on to the *political race-ground*, Masonry becomes political, not patriotic, and we are ruined. Indeed our temptations are great, and there is imminent danger of being provoked to retaliation. We are exposed also to the dread of being unpopular and to the fear of ridicule; but these are trifles. Be not discouraged. The retreat of friendship is never sweeter, than when the storm beats upon our house, and the wind roars round our dwelling place. Our institution is particularly adapted for adversity, for relief and kindness, high endurance, and a stability of character and purpose in seasons of perplexity. For it is not the lodge, nor emblem, nor tenet, nor ceremony, which makes a Mason; it is not a mere entrance into a lodge, nor walk in a procession with the trappings and costume, the jewels and regalia of mystery, which makes a Mason. Hypocrites may have all this; the seceder may once have gloried in this, and take his *extra-judicial* oath he was a Mason. But Masonry is in the heart; *there* is the place of preparation, and the great secret is, in being a good man and true. Let us therefore avoid all controversy, enter into no dispute, nor return railing for railing. Identify yourselves as Masons with no political or religious party, and ever select men best qualified for public office, whether Masons or not. Let us do good unto all, and adhere inviolably to the ancient landmarks of our order in this day of trial, and if our enemies see neither wisdom, strength nor beauty in our institution, we shall find them, in keeping a tongue of good report, maintaining secrecy and practising charity. Let us soar above the little petty slanders and unkind suspicions which often collect around us, and look beyond and above these temporary evils to those lofty regions, wherein truth dwells.

Lincoln Lodge has now existed all but forty years, and is one of the three oldest in this State. During that period there have been many members—some of high respectability and talent, and many of great fidelity and private virtue. Some are gone from us, as we trust, to the dwelling places of the blessed. In looking back on departed years, there are remembrances pleasing and melancholy to the soul; there are many mementos of mortality besides our solemn emblems in a lodge; and though at this delightful season of the year, Wiscasset, so beautifully loca-

ted, with its bay, surrounding hills, and evergreens of the North, may appear still more picturesque, yet there is one enclosure, which speaks to us in secret, and tells there are those near and dear to us on that spot, over which the birds of the air sing as sweetly as ever, but they hear them not!

Brethren, preserve your lodge, with sacred fidelity and vigilance. Be true to your trust, and neglect not your customary meetings for improvement. The present trial may yet eventuate for good. Persecution may purify our institution, the portals of which have not always been well guarded from the admission of unprincipled men. You will now know, who are good and true and who are not, and though this great trial will sift the hearts and try the fortitude of many, yet in the end the word of truth will remain unbroken and the vow of the faithful be performed. Our fraternity has been persecuted in other countries, and other times, even in days of old, when the harp was hung on the willows of Babylon and they sat down by the waters and wept. But if this present persecution should proceed to extremity, let us never retaliate injury nor forget our allegiance to our Country; but by an obedience to its laws and support of its free institutions, convince our adversaries they have condemned us without a cause. Then if Masonry must fall, like Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's Statute, with her mantle folded around her, she will fall with dignity: And it will ever be to me a consolation, that on this occasion, in the midst of an unjust excitement, and unhallowed associations, I made this humble effort in her defence.(6)

NOTES.

(1.) When I allege that Masonry is a religious institution, let no one misunderstand my meaning. We take the Holy Bible to be the rule and guide of our faith, and profess a belief in one eternal God, our creator, preserver, and benefactor. Thus far it has a religious tendency, and in the higher degrees, a continual advancement is made in those things which appertain to eternity. The institution is therefore built on a religious foundation, being opposed to infidelity and idolatry. To me it has ever appeared as preparatory to the introduction of Christianity—But let no man imagine that we claim the Masonic institution as a substitute for the Christian religion. It is only a forerunner of revealed truth, and while it embraces men of every sect, it confesses, like one of its patrons, St. John the Baptist, there is One who cometh after it, the latchet of whose shoes it is unworthy to unloose.

(2.) There is much error respecting the various honors and sounding titles, which are familiar to the fraternity, and those who do not reflect upon them condemn our system as aristocratic. But be it remembered, titles among Masons are local and temporary. They belong to the office, not to the person of the incumbent. They are rather used for distinction, and subordination, and convenience in despatch of business or duty, than as mere honors, and they never follow the individuals, who hold them, into private life: Though even a *Justice of the Peace* and *a Captain in the Militia* retain their titles as a freehold, yet the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge holds his honorable title only while he holds his office, and the moment that ceases, he becomes merely a brother, whatever rank he sustains in the society of his fellow citizens.—When titles are used as names of convenience, and not as substances of superiority, there is no danger, that men should forget their level in private life.

(3.) I saw one of these Antimasonic itinerants, a few days since, in a village near Portsmouth. He was very busy in stirring up the minds of the people against Masons, and was then on a cruise to enlighten the eyes of men by his lectures. The fellow was decently dressed, and by way of distinction, had on a New York green coat, and New Hampshire white hat, with a pilgrim's staff, making a very plausible appearance. On inquiry in the city I found this man, where known, was a most contemptible character, destitute of honesty, and having been formerly suspected, in a neighboring State, of *taking* sheep. Let our good citizens in the country beware of such impostors, who are *wolves in sheeps' clothing;* for they may be assured no virtuous, respectable man, would be seen running about from town to town, railing against an institution, to which so many good men belong.

(4.) The author might have added several names of high respectability in Maine, who belong to the fraternity. King, Parris, Hunton, Governors—Holmes and Sprague, U. States Senators—Weston and Whitman, Judges—Greenleaf, the accomplished Reporter, and others might be mentioned.

(5.) When this Address was written, the author was a stranger to the late proceedings in the choice of the officers of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, on the 17th of June. He reasoned on the object and tendency of Antimasonry, judging of its nature, by the immoral elements of which it is composed. Facts now evince he has reasoned correctly. The rejection of such men as William Prescott, son of William Prescott who fought at Bunker Hill, and John C. Warren, one of the surviving relatives of the immortal Warren, and William Sullivan, one of our first and best and most amiable of citizens, neither of whom was a Mason, to put into office and lift up to public observation, such characters as *Abner Phelps, et id omne genus*, must open the eyes even of our enemies, if the disease now prevalent has not dimmed them forever. This disgraceful deed was done too, after a sly meeting of *a secret society* of Antimasons, who suddenly and unexpectedly crept in and overpowered a few patriots who were present and expected no nefarious design, presuming the business would be conducted as usual. The monument is now in the hands of Goths and Vandals, and there is a sound in the wind, as though the Corner Stone must soon give place to a stone without a corner. Antimasonry has now shown what it would do, if not checked by the indignant energies of a discerning public. Would to Heaven some abler hand would point out to our beloved Country, the danger to which our moral, political and religious institutions are exposed, by the Antimasonic conspiracy against all which is good and virtuous and true. It is worthy the eloquence (may I say) of a Webster, when such a man as John Quincy Adams should so far forget the exalted dignity he once had, as to countenance by his pen and his person, a cruel persecution of a worthy class of men, many of whom, in New England, did much for his election. Without a cause, he has avowed himself an enemy; but we forgive him, remembering that the most elevated rank, learned attainments, and July oratory, can no longer conceal from the public view that innate selfishness, which can descend to any step, to gratify a thirst for a poor, ephemeral fame. Mr. Adams has been thought by many, a great man, but he has finished his course of glory, and ere it be too late, let him be advised by some friend, if he have a friend who loves him, to consign his history to any machine of party, but an Antimason.

(6.) Since the delivery of this Address, I was much gratified in reading the Report and Address of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, June 13, 1831. This able paper not only confirms my own humble views and opinions on the nature of the Masonic obligation, but exhibits a noble, independent, and candid representation of the true principles of our benevolent institution. The gentlemen who formed that Committee, are men of the first reputation for talents and integrity, and it is sincerely hoped, that measures may be taken to spread their useful circular through every part of the country, as an antidote to the bite of Antimasonry. It is the voice of truth, and it is my prayer that it may reach the heart of every lover of his country, and every friend of injured innocence. May this example be followed by other distinguished branches of our fraternity, until New England Masonry, which has ever been pure and exalted, shall be heard and felt, in a thunder from that altar, on which the Holy Bible rests as the first and last and only hope of a Mason.